THE WANDERER #7

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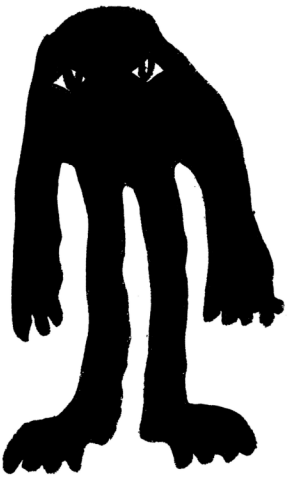


CHANGE...

LIKE THE WIND.

LIKE THE GEESE
WHO LAY THEIR EGGS.

CHANGE HAS A SISTER. HER NAME'S LOVE.
THEY BICKER. THEY SHARE A BEER.

THEY FOLLOW DIFFERENT STARS

BUT CALL EACH OTHER STILL...

"WHERE ARE WE GOING, SISTER?"

welcome to the wanderer's special 7th edition, a note on change. all the works you see here are themed around endings, beginnings, transitions, hellos and goodbyes. we hope you enjoy.

September 8, 2025 at 9:24 PM

Dearest Wanderers,

What happens when you move your earthly being and possessions to the absolute max?
Lift, set, up stairs, down stairs, front stairwell, back stairwell, peel tape up, tape boxes up, leave all the doors open, then lock and shut them for the final time.

Answer: You're fucking tired.

Then you wake up surrounded by blank walls and Jenga-ed boxes.
An unexpected new light beams directly through the window on my pillow- and I've yet to decide if it's a cruel taunt or an endearing encouragement .

"Good morning Libby! Time to wake up and face the fact that the way of life you knew is dead. Remember? You emptied it out yourself, packed it up in cardboard boxes or aimed for the dumpster and chucked it off the balcony."

Or is it
"Good morning Libby! Time to wake up and pave new neural pathways; where you fill up your water bottle, keep your toothbrush, keep your shoes... You will rise and fill your walls again, shape this blank slate into your creative haven."

My new roommate Noah (shoutout to all 5 of you <3) said she's realizing that we aren't just on vacation. And that really is what it feels like. As of writing this, we have been moved in for a week- the length of a standard vacation. But we don't have a flight to catch. We are staying, creaking and settling, burrowing roots. How beautiful. How terrifying.

– Libby

p.s listening to pinegrove again

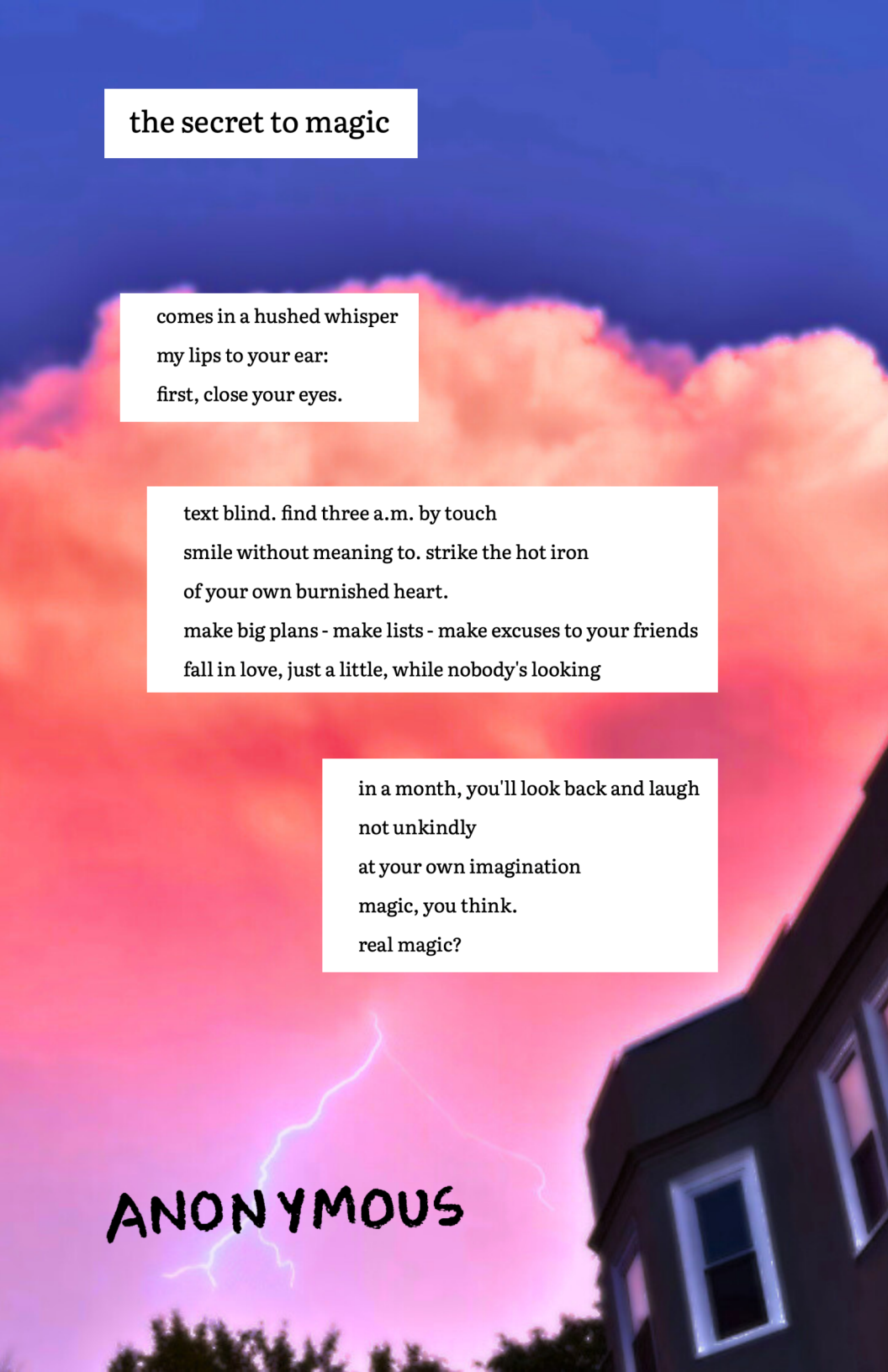
We hope you enjoy the zine ;P

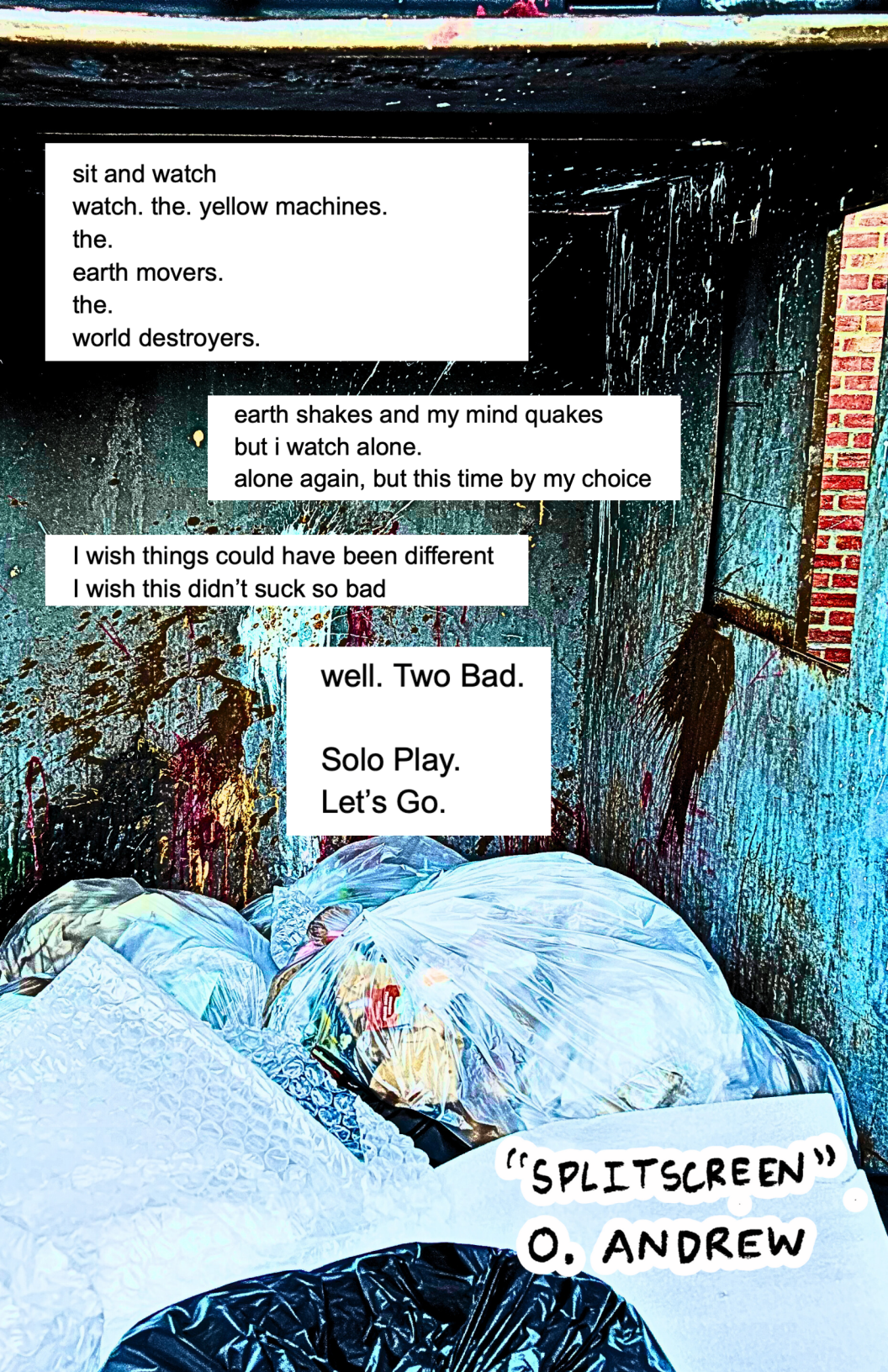
the secret to magic

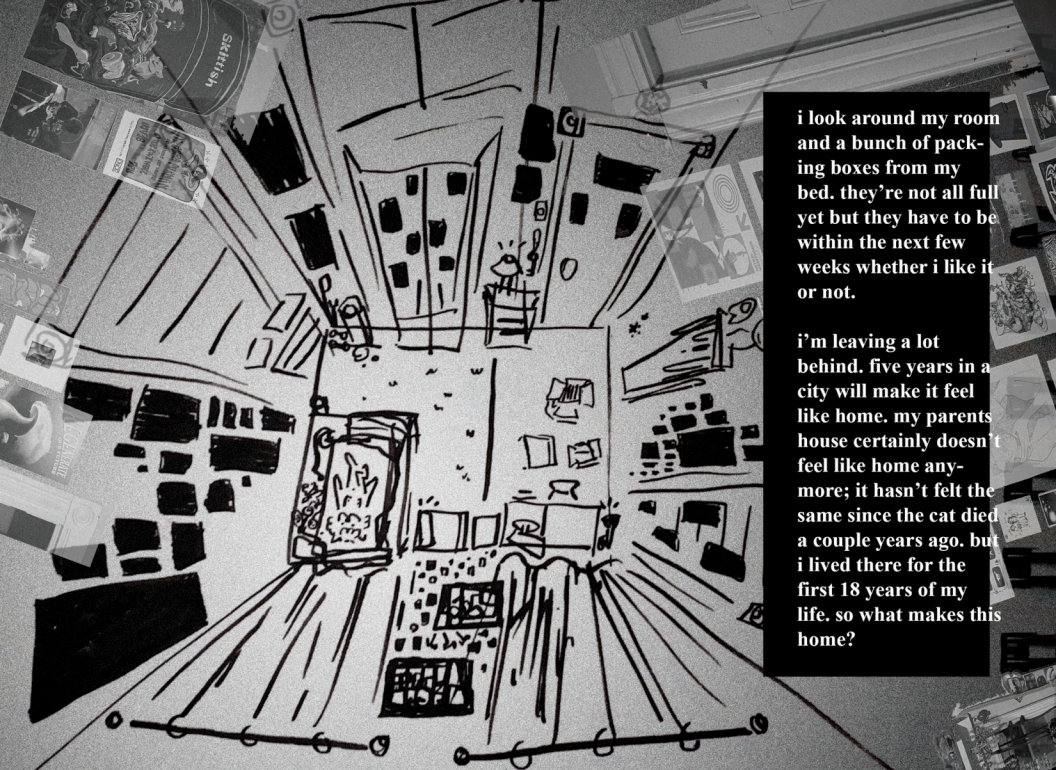
comes in a hushed whisper
my lips to your ear:
first, close your eyes.

text blind. find three a.m. by touch
smile without meaning to. strike the hot iron
of your own burnished heart.
make big plans - make lists - make excuses to your friends
fall in love, just a little, while nobody's looking

in a month, you'll look back and laugh
not unkindly
at your own imagination
magic, you think.
real magic?




sit and watch
watch. the. yellow machines.
the.
earth movers.
the.
world destroyers.
earth shakes and my mind quakes
but i watch alone.
alone again, but this time by my choice
I wish things could have been different
I wish this didn't suck so bad
well. Two Bad.
Solo Play.
Let's Go.
"SPLITSCREEN"
O. ANDREW



i look around my room and a bunch of packing boxes from my bed. they're not all full yet but they have to be within the next few weeks whether i like it or not.

i'm leaving a lot behind. five years in a city will make it feel like home. my parents house certainly doesn't feel like home anymore; it hasn't felt the same since the cat died a couple years ago. but i lived there for the first 18 years of my life. so what makes this home?

i've lived in this room from ages 20 to 23. my walls are covered with fliers, scraps of paper, misprints that i couldn't sell. art from someone i met once at a market and forgot, or see at the same shows all the time, or was in a relationship with for four years. a $100 monopoly bill from the first time i did drag with my friends, entry bracelets from clubs, pronoun pins, business cards, two of those posters that you can get at blick with a bunch of different cheeses or feathers or bones or something on it, stickers, pages from comics, plastic that i cut out from packaging that i liked, command hooks, glow stars

within the next few weeks i'll take all these things off my walls and decide which of them i'll trash. i'll move into my new apartment, just under three miles from my parents apartment in brooklyn. i'll put my favorites back up again, and i'll make room for new things to love.

"MY WALLS"
SKOOTY
@SK.OOTY

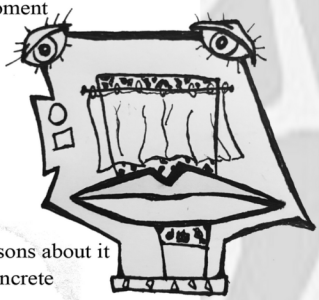
AI Overview +24

Last names, also known as surnames, originated from various sources to help distinguish individuals, especially as populations grew and became more complex. These names often reflect a person's occupation, location, family lineage, or personal characteristics.

Here's a more detailed breakdown:

most of my breakups end when they leave me for a bandmate
twice, they've gone on to get married & have kids
feel like an isotope, but i'm good at bringing people together

tbh, ive always tried to rally those around me-
little dinosaur clubs turn to neighborhood stoner watering holes turn to
multiple attempts at building an art/music collective turn to
identity loss as each group came together and found something for a moment
before wandering off to the next thing



(all the dead leaves make their way across the street)
every few years i've buried away entire discographies and hit reset

is that really what i said? is all this art all i am? enough, enough, enough!
self-destructive, always have
it keeps my hands on the wheel
yeah yeah, and each self i killed to start over kept some good art and lessons about it
and yeah sure, i see the flowers poke their heads thru the cracks in the concrete

the girl i lost my virginity to made me her bridesmaid when she and the drummer got hitched
and i can quote myself or the other bay creatures forever.
it's called quilting!
i'm shaking under the covers on the couch and
clutching pearls til they turn back into an oyster this time around because i
just don't wanna start over anymore

one syllable synonyms for change... sometimes i wish i hadn't picked this name
i want always something new, but never nothing different, ya hear?
I'm afraid to lose any of you now,
cig burn on my new tat or whatever.

but i'm watching the lives i've loved love eachother instead and
new collectives branch off from ones i once felt the nucleus of and yknow what?
i don't wanna die that way again.
not with all the erasing and gone people.
if we never make it back to _____ i want you to know i love you,

and if everything ends is all that ever happens then
let everything ends again and again while i stand cumulative in its torrent
this time everything ends but me.
me and who? and who? and who? and who?

MaeFlux?:

@MAE.FLUX

3 Months Later...
Boom!
Creak!
Total Amount Due
$170
Due
$380
Creak
thud
Boom
thud
crash

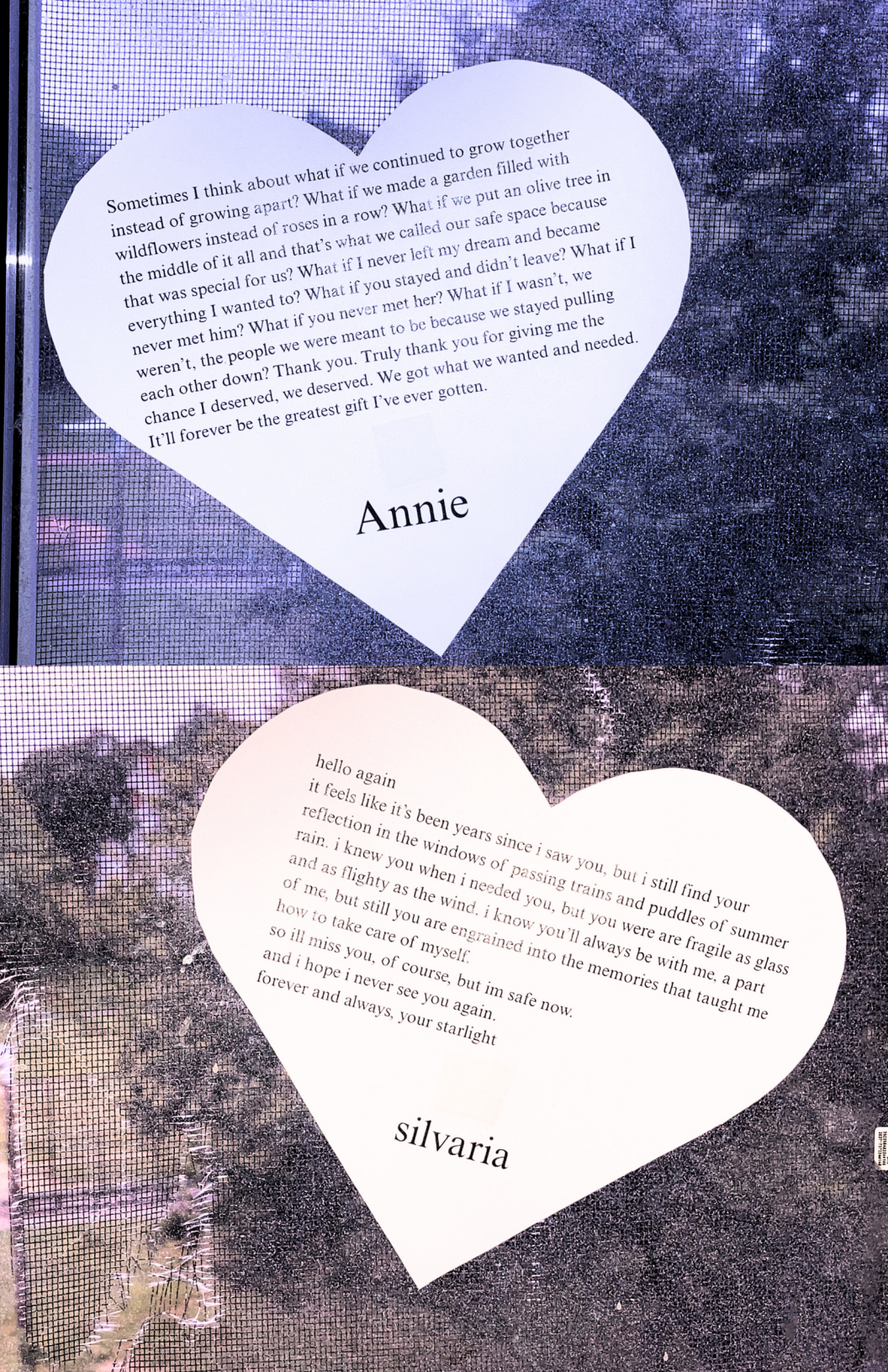
WE TOOK TO INSTAGRAM, ASKING FOLKS TO SUBMIT LOVE LETTERS AND MISSED CONNECTIONS. HERE ARE THE THINGS LEFT UNSAID BY YOUR NEIGHBORS IN BOSTON...

THE WANDERER

MISSED CONNECTIONS

i love you boston diy scene you are all so beautiful and i wish i had sex with more of you
anon
Meep morp beep borp squeebee meebee
Chumbawumba
same
worcester massachusettes

FRAGILE
HANDLE WITH CARE
FRAGILE
HANDLE WITH CARE
Boston is wonderful, the local music scene here is my beating heart. I'm sad to leave (though excited for what comes next) and I'll hopefully be back very soon!
Marco / Supermarket Parking Lot
Sit down. Stay humble.
Your ex
I WANT TO DANCE! I WANT TO PLAY MY DRUMS! I WANT TO PLUG MY BASS IN, AND LAY A SLAP RIFF OVER THIS!..... BUT MY WIFE IS ON THE SOFA WITH A MIGRAINE!..... SHE IS MY WORLD!
Paul Jurgen-Romrig


Sometimes I think about what if we continued to grow together instead of growing apart? What if we made a garden filled with wildflowers instead of roses in a row? What if we put an olive tree in the middle of it all and that's what we called our safe space because that was special for us? What if I never left my dream and became everything I wanted to? What if you stayed and didn't leave? What if I never met him? What if you never met her? What if I wasn't, we weren't, the people we were meant to be because we stayed pulling each other down? Thank you. Truly thank you for giving me the chance I deserved, we deserved. We got what we wanted and needed. It'll forever be the greatest gift I've ever gotten.
Annie
hello again
it feels like it's been years since i saw you, but i still find your reflection in the windows of passing trains and puddles of summer rain. i knew you when i needed you, but you were are fragile as glass and as flighty as the wind. i know you'll always be with me, a part of me, but still you are engrained into the memories that taught me how to take care of myself.
so ill miss you, of course, but im safe now.
and i hope i never see you again.
forever and always, your starlight
silvaria

I was coming home from a concert but I had to take a detour to my office, so I was surprised when I got back on the t and saw someone with one of the bands' shirts on. I asked them how they enjoyed the show but I didn't say much more. The next day when I was looking for any photos people posted I found something from them. Turns out I already followed them for a local community zine they run. I should submit something one month.
mastershrub

I was sitting in the common once watching the duck boats, and next to me there was a man with his small daughter lying next to him. They were having very cute and wise conversation, and the daughter eventually said "nobody trusts me". Dad replied with a long and gentle explanation about the meaning of trust. Daughter then said, "I don't trust you because you took my iPad". Lol.

I'm certain that even if the daughter couldn't really understand what her dad was saying, the safety and gentleness of memory will have had the same effect. I wanted to tell them how much I appreciated overhearing them but I couldn't find a moment to do it.

Anonymous

To the cute guy at the babka coffee shop near mit, I hope you're doing well :)

Glitzy girl going on her way to countryfest

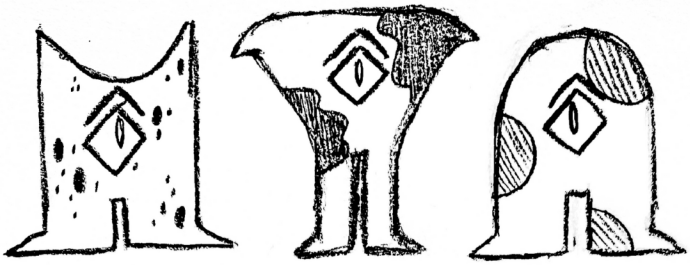
THANKS SO MUCH FOR JOINING US FOR THIS SHORT AND SWEET THEMED EDITION ON CHANGE. BACK TO OUR REGULAR PROGRAMMING IN SEPTEMBER▽

THE WANDERER

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
LIBBY CARLO AND MO CORREA

FREE ON THE WEB.
PAY-WHAT-YOU-CAN ON PAPER.

ALL THE LINKS▽



LEAD, FOLLOW, WANDER

FOLLOW, WANDER, LEAD

WE ARE THE THREE WHO FIT THE CYCLE

THREE LIKE A TRIANGLE, THREE IS MAGIC

LEAD THE WAY YOU WANDERED DOWN

FOLLOW, LEARN TO LEAD THE WAY

WANDER, ONCE YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH

THE CYCLE IS THREE, LIKE WE

WE WHO ARE MAGIC AS ALL THREE

THE THREE WHO LEAD, FOLLOW, WANDER.